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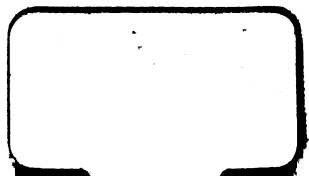
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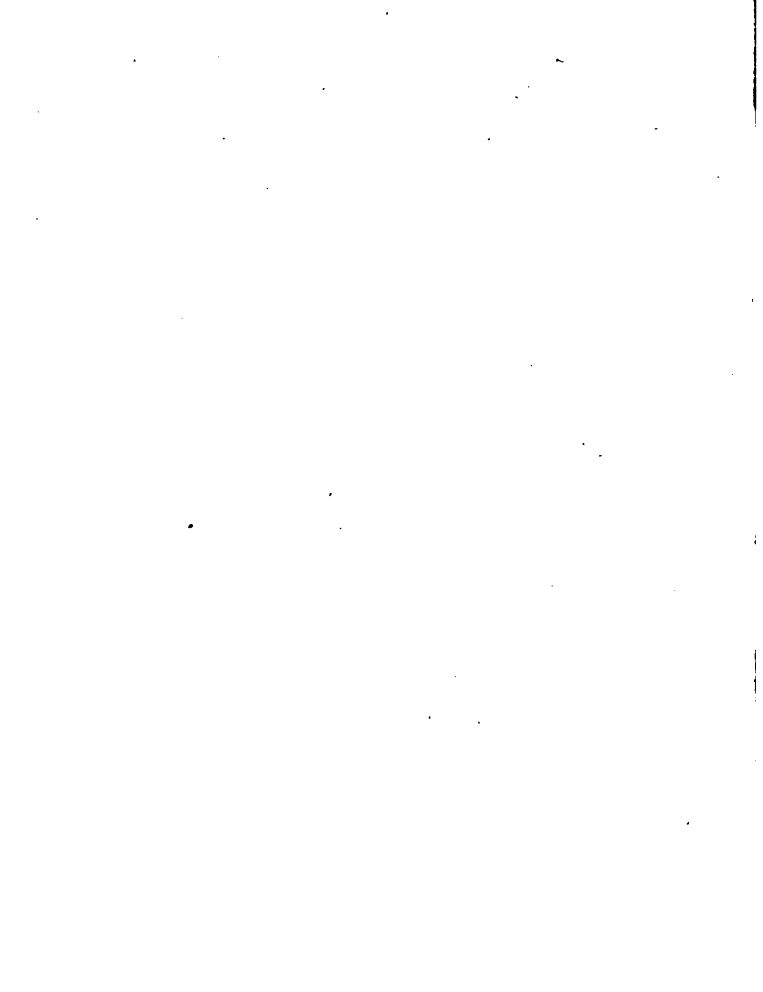
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THE
TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE



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and W. Aldis Wright, Esq., the text here
used is that of the "Cambridge" Edition.*





Interior of Old Swan Theatre.

WHEN mighty SHAKESPEARE to thy judging eye
Presents that magic glass, whose ample Round
Reflects each Figure in Creation's bound,
And pours, in floods of supernatural light,
Fancy's bright Beings on the charmed sight—
This chief Enchanter of the willing breast,
Will teach thee all the magic he possesses,
Plac'd in his Circle, mark in colours true
Each brilliant Being that he calls to view :
Wrapt in the gloomy storm, or rob'd in light,
His weird Sister or his fairy Sprite,
Boldly o'erleaping, in the great design,
The bounds of Nature, with a Guide divine.

HAYLEY.

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• SHAKESPEARE'S
• TRAGEDY OF
• MACBETH •



• WITH PREFACE •
• GLOSSARY &c BY •
• ISRAEL GOLLANCZ •
• ✕ M.A. ✕

• MDCCCXCVI: PUBLISHED • BY • J. M. DENT •
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"I REGARD *Macbeth*, upon the whole, as the greatest treasure of our dramatic literature. We may look as Britons at Greek sculpture, and at Italian paintings, with a humble consciousness that our native art has never reached their perfection ; but in the drama we can confront *Æschylus* himself with *Shakespeare* ; and of all modern theatres, *ours* alone can compete with the Greek in the unborrowed nativeness and sublimity of its superstition. In the grandeur of tragedy *Macbeth* has no parallel, till we go back to the *Prometheus* and the *Furies* of the Attic stage. I could even produce, if it were not digressing too far from my subject, innumerable instances of striking similarity between the metaphorical mintage of *Shakespeare's* and of *Æschylus's* style,—a similarity, both in beauty and in the fault of excess, that unless the contrary had been proved, would lead me to suspect our great dramatist to have been a studious Greek scholar. But their resemblance arose from the consanguinity of nature. In one respect, the tragedy of *Macbeth* always reminds me of *Æschylus's* poetry. It has scenes and conceptions absolutely too bold for representation. What stage could do justice to *Æschylus*, when the Titan *Prometheus* makes his appeal to the elements ; and when the hammer is heard in the Scythian Desert that rivets his chains ? Or when the Ghost of *Clytemnestra* rushes into *Apollo's* temple, and rouses the sleeping *Furies* ? I wish to imagine these scenes : I should be sorry to see the acting of them attempted. In like manner, there are parts of *Macbeth* which I delight to read much more than to see in the theatre. . . . Nevertheless, I feel no inconsistency in reverting from these remarks to my first assertion, that all in all, *Macbeth* is our greatest possession in dramatic poetry."

CAMPBELL.

10-22-20 J. H.
Preface.

The First Edition. *Macbeth* was first printed in the *First Folio*, where it occupies pp. 131 to 151, and is placed between *Julius Caesar* and *Hamlet*. It is mentioned among the plays registered in the books of the Stationers' Company by the publishers of the Folio as "not formerly entered to other men." The text is perhaps one of the worst printed of all the plays, and textual criticism has been busy emending and explaining away the many difficulties of the play. Even the editors of the Second Folio were struck by the many hopeless corruptions, and attempted to provide a better text. The first printers certainly had before them a very faulty transcript, and critics have attempted to explain the discrepancies by assuming that Shakespeare's original version had been tampered with by another hand.

MS. A. 9. 2. 12. 3. 23
S. C. 10-22-20 J. H.
"Macbeth" and Middleton's "Witch." Some striking resemblances in the incantation scenes of *Macbeth* and Middleton's *Witch* have led to a somewhat generally accepted belief that Thomas Middleton was answerable for the alleged un-Shakespearian portions of *Macbeth*. This view has received confirmation from the fact that the stage-directions of *Macbeth* contain allusions to two songs which are found in Middleton's *Witch* (viz. "Come away, come away," III. v.; "Black Spirits and white," IV. i.). Moreover, these very songs are found in D'Avenant's re-cast of *Macbeth* (1674).*

* The first of these songs is found in the edition of 1673, which contains also two other songs not found in the Folio version.

that Middleton took Shakespeare's songs and expanded them, and that D'Avenant had before him a copy containing additions transferred from Middleton's cognate scenes. This view is held by the most competent of Middleton's editors, Mr A. H. Bullen, who puts forward strong reasons for assigning the *Witch* to a later date than *Macbeth*, and rightly resents the proposals on the part of able scholars to hand over to Middleton some of the finest passages of the play.* Charles Lamb had already noted the essential differences between Shakespeare's and Middleton's Witches. "Their names and some of the properties, which Middleton has given to his hags, excite smiles. The Weird Sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot co-exist with mirth. But in a lesser degree, the Witches of Middleton are fine creatures. Their power, too, is in some measure over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, *like a thick scurf o'er life*" (*specimens of English Dramatic Poets*).

The Porter's Speech. Among the passages in *Macbeth* that have been doubted are the soliloquy of the Porter, and the short dialogue that follows between the Porter and Macduff,

* The following are among the chief passages supposed to resemble Middleton's style, and rejected as Shakespeare's by the Clarendon Press editors:—Act I. Sc. ii., iii., 1-37; Act II. Sc. i. 61, iii. (Porter's part); Act III. Sc. v.; Act IV. Sc. i. 39-47, 125-132; iii. 140-159; Act V. (?) ii., v. 47-50; viii. 32-33, 35-75.

The second scene of the First Act is certainly somewhat disappointing, and it is also inconsistent (*cf.* ll. 52, 53, with Sc. iii., ll. 72, 73, and 112, *etc.*), but probably the scene represents the compression of a much longer account. The introduction of the superfluous Hecate is perhaps the strongest argument for rejecting certain witch-scenes, viz.: Act III. Sc. v.; Act IV. Sc. i. 39-47; Act IV. i. 125-132.

Even Coleridge objected to "the low soliloquy of the Porter"; he believed them to have been written for the mob by some other hand, perhaps with Shakespeare's consent, though he was willing to make an exception in the case of the Shakespearian words, "*I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.*" But the Porter's Speech is as essential a part of the design of the play as is the Knocking at the Gate, the effect of which was so subtly analysed by De Quincey in his well-known essay on the subject. "The effect was that it reflected back upon the murderer a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity . . . when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds; the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflex upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them."

The introduction of the Porter, a character derived from the Porter of Hell in the old Mysteries, is as dramatically relevant, as are the grotesque words he utters; and both the character and the speech are thoroughly Shakespearian in conception (*cp. The Porter in Macbeth, New Shak. Soc., 1874, by Prof. Hales*).

Date of Composition. The undoubted allusion to the union of England and Scotland under James I. (Act IV. Sc. 1. 120, gives us one limit for the date of *Macbeth*, viz., March 1603, while a notice in the MS. Diary of Dr Simon Forman, a notorious quack and astrologer, gives 1610 as the other limit; for in

that year he saw the play performed at the Globe.* Between these two dates, in the year 1607, "*The Puritan, or, the Widow of Watling Street*," was published, containing a distinct reference to Banquo's Ghost:—"Instead of a jester we'll have a ghost in a white sheet sit at the upper end of the table," †.

It is remarkable that when James visited Oxford in 1605 he was "addressed on entering the city by three students of St John's College, who alternately accosted his Majesty, reciting some Latin verses, founded on the prediction of the weird sisters relative to Banquo and Macbeth." The popularity of the subject is further attested by the insertion of the *Historie of Macbeth* in the 1606 edition of *Albion's England*. The former incident may have suggested the subject to Shakespeare; the latter fact may have been due to the popularity of Shakespeare's play. At all events authorities are almost unanimous in assigning *Macbeth* to 1605-1606; and this view is borne out by minor points of internal evidence.‡ As far as metrical characteristics are con-

* The Diary is among the Ashmolean MSS. (208) in the Bodleian Library; its title is a *Book of Plates and Notes thereof for common Pollicie*. Alliwell Phillipps privately reprinted the valuable and interesting booklet. The account of the play as given by Forman is not very accurate.

† Similarly, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knights of the Burning Pestle*, produced in 1611:—

"When thou art at the table with thy friends,
Merry in heart and fill'd with swelling wine,
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
Invisible to all men but thyself."

‡ E.g. II. iii. 5, "expectation of plenty" probably refers to the abundance of corn in the autumn of 1606; the reference to the "*Equivocator*" seems to allude to Garnet and other Jesuits who were tried in the spring of 1606.

cerned the comparatively large number of light-endings, twenty-one in all (contrasted with eight in *Hamlet*, and ten in *Julius Caesar*) places *Macbeth* near the plays of the Fourth Period.* With an early play of this period, viz. *Antony and Cleopatra*, it has strong ethical affinities (*vide Preface to Antony and Cleopatra*).

The Sources of the Plot. Shakespeare derived his materials for *Macbeth* from Holinshed's *Chronicle of England and Scotland*, first published in 1577, and subsequently in 1587; the latter was in all probability the edition used by the poet. Holinshed's authority was Hector Boece, whose *Scotorum Historia* was first printed in 1526; Boece drew from the work of the Scotch historian Fordun, who lived in the fourteenth century. Shakespeare's indebtedness to Holinshed for the plot of the present play is not limited to the chapters dealing with Macbeth; certain details of the murder of Duncan belong to the murder of King Duffe, the great grandfather of Lady Macbeth. Shakespeare's most noteworthy departure from his original is to be found in his characterisation of Banquo.

(A full summary of theories of The Legend of Macbeth is to be found in Furness' *Variorum* edition, which contains also an excellent survey of the various criticisms on the characters.)

The Macbeth of Legend has been whitened by recent historians; and the Macbeth of History, according to Freeman, seems to have been quite a worthy monarch; (*cp.* Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, &c.).

* Macbeth numbers but two weak-endings, while *Hamlet* and *Julius Caesar* have none. *Antony and Cleopatra* has no less than seventy-one light-endings and twenty-eight weak-endings. It would seem that Shakespeare, in this latter play, broke away from his earlier style as with a mighty bound.

Shakespeare, in all probability, took some hints from Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584) for his witch-lord. It should also be noted that King James, a profound believer in witchcraft, published in 1599 his *Demonologie*, maintaining his belief against Scot's scepticism. In 1604 a statute was passed to suppress witches.

There may have been other sources for the plot; possibly an older play existed on the subject of Macbeth; in Kempe's *Nine Days' Wonder* (1600) occur the following words:—"I met a proper upright youth, only for a little stooping in the shoulders, all heart to the heel, a penny poet, whose first making was the miserable story of Mac-doe, or Mac-dobeth, or Mac-somewhat," &c. Furthermore, a ballad (? a stage-play) on Macdobeth was registered in the year 1596.

Duration of Action. The Time of the Play, as analysed by Mr P. A. Daniel (*New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877-79) is nine days represented on the stage, and intervals:—

Day 1. Act I. Sc. i. to iii.

Day 2. Act I. Sc. iv. to vii.

Day 3. Acts II., Sc. i. to iv. *An interval*, say a couple of weeks.

Day 4. Act III. Sc. i. to v. [Act III. Sc. vi., an impossible time.]

Day 5. Act IV. Sc. i.

Day 6. Act IV. Sc. ii. *An interval.* Ross's journey to England.

Day 7. Act IV. Sc. iii., Act V. Sc. i. *An interval.* Malcolm's return to Scotland.

Day 8. Act V. Sc. ii. and iii.

Day 9. Act V. Sc. iv. to viii.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, *king of Scotland.*

MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, } *his sons.*

MACBETH,
BANQUO, } *generals of the King's army.*

MACDUFF,
LENNOX,
ROSS,
MENTEITH,
ANGUS,
CAITHNESS, } *noblemen of Scotland.*

FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.*

YOUNG SIWARD, *his son.*

SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*

Boy, *son to Macduff.*

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Sergeant.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants,
and Messengers.

SCENE: *Scotland; England.*

The Tragedy of Macbeth.

Act First.

Scene I.

A desert place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin.

All. Paddock calls:—anon!

10

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

*A camp near Forres.**Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.*

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Ser. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that 10
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel

Which smoked with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion carved out his passage
 Till he faced the slave ; 20
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
 So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
 Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark :
 No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
 But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage, 31
 With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo ?

Ser. Yes ;
 As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As cannons overcharged with double cracks ; so they
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe :
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha, 40

I cannot tell—

But I am faint ; my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds ;
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.
[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*

✕✕

Who comes here ?

Enter Ross.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes ! So should he
look

That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king !

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane ?

Ross. From Fife, great king ;

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself 50
With terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict ;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit : and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun.

Great happiness !

Ross. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition ;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men 60
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest : go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister ?

Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou ?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd.
'Give me,' quoth I :
'Aroint thee, witch !' the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger :
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do. 10

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other ;

And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay :
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
He shall live a man forbid : 20

Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

Third Witch. A drum, a drum ! 30

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about :
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire, 40
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of
Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of
Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king
hereafter! 50

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
none:

So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: 70

By Sinel's death I know I amthane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? thethane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
 You owe this strange intelligence? or why
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
 With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.
[Witches vanish.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
 And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd? 80

Macb. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted
 As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
 Or have we eaten on the insane root
 That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
 The news of thy success: and when he reads 90
 Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
 His wonders and his praises do contend
 Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
 In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
 He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,

Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent 100
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks ;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true ?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives : why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes ?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgement bears that life 110
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was com-
bined

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not ;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them ?

Ban. That, trusted home, 120
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange :
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [Aside] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
[Aside] This supernatural soliciting 130
Cannot be ill ; cannot be good : if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Cawdor :
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature ? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings :

5 / My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes ~~to~~ my single state of man that function 140
 Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
 But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance
 may crown me,
 Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
 But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
 With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your
 pains 150

Are register'd where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
 Think upon what hath chanced, and at more
 time,
 The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

Forres. The palace.

*Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox,
and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed 10
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now

Was heavy on me : thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less
deserved,

That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! only I have left to say, 20
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants ;
Which do but what they should, by doing every
thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known 30
No less to have done so : let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,

And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland : which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you :
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor !

Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland ! that is a
step

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires ; 50
Let not light see my black and deep desires :
The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*]

Dun. True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed ;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Excunt.*]

Scene V.

*Inverness. Macbeth's castle.**Enter Lady Macbeth, reading a letter.*

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with "Hail, king that shalt be!" 10 This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without 20

The illness should attend it : what thou wouldst
highly,
That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win : thou 'ldst have,
great Glamis,
That which cries ' Thus thou must do, if thou have it ;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem 30
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings ?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it :

Is not thy master with him ? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true : our thane is coming :
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M.

Give him tending ;

He brings great news.

[*Exit Messenger.*

The raven himself is hoarse
 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan 40
 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
 Wherever in your sightless substances 50
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunneest smoke of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Macb.

My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence? 60

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come 70
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;

To alter favour ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.

Before Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself

Unto our gentle senses.

Ban.

This guest of summer,

The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun.

See, see, our honour'd hostess! 10

The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M.

All our service

In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun.

Where's the thane of Cawdor? 20

We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose

To be his purveyor : but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand ;
Conduct me to mine host : we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him. 30
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene VII.

Macbeth's castle.

*Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers
Servants with dishes and service, and pass over
the stage. Then enter Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly : if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success ; that but this blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these
cases

We still have judgement here ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught return
To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice 10
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking-off ; 20
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news? 19

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left
the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has? 30

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour 40
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M.

What beast was't then

That made you break this enterprise to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man;

And, to be more than what you were, you would 50

Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:

They have made themselves, and that their fitness

now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:

I would, while it was smiling in my face,

Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,

And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you

Have done to this.

Macb.

If we should fail?

Lady M.

We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place, 60

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—

Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey

Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains

Will I with wine and wassail so convince,

That memory, the warder of the brain,

Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason

A limbec only: when in swinish sleep

Their drenched natures lie as in a death,

What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon 70
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell ?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only ;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done 't ?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death ?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*



Act Second.

Scene I.

Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.

Who's there?

10

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largess to your offices:

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All 's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters : 20
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them :
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while !

Ban. Thanks, sir : the like to you ! 30

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

40

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. ✓ Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse 50
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he
lives :

60

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done : the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*]

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made
me bold ;

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.

Hark ! Peace !

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it :

The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with anores : I have drugg'd
their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live or die.

Macb. [Within] Who 's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked 10

And 'tis not done: the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

Enter Macbeth.

My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear
a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain. 20

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands.

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried
'Murder!'

That they did wake each other : I stood and heard them :

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried 'God bless us !' and 'Amen' the other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands :
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us !'

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply. 30

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen' ?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more !
Macbeth does murder sleep'—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean ? 40

Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more !' to all the house :
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more : Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there : go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more : 50
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers : the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]
Macb. Whence is that knocking ?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me ?
What hands are here ? ha ! they pluck out mine eyes !
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood 60
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*]

I hear a knocking

At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark!
more knocking:

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us 70

And show us to be watchers: be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

Mach. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

[*Knocking within.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

The same.

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were
porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning
the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock,

knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub?
Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins
enow about you; here you'll sweat for't.
[*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who's
there, in th' other devil's name? Faith, here's
an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales 10
against either scale; who committed treason
enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate
to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking
within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there?
Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for
stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor;
here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking
within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What
are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll
devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have 20
let in some of all professions, that go the primrose
way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*]
Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

[*Opens the gate.*]

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

30

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

40

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my leg sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb.

Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane ?

Macb.

Not yet. 50

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him :

I had almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb.

I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you ;

But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

Macd.

I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited service.

[*Exit.*

Len. Goes the king hence to-day ?

Macb.

He does : he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly : where we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say, 60
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of
death,

And prophesying with accents terrible

Of dire combustion and confus'd events

New hatch'd to the woful time : the obscure bird

Clamour'd the livelong night : some say, the earth

Was feverous and did shake.

Macb.

'Twas a rough night.

Act II. Sc. iii.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macb. }
Len. } What's the matter? 70

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight.
With a new Gorgon : do not bid me speak ;
See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*]

Awake, awake !

Ring the alarm-bell. Murder and treason !
Banquo and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake ! 80
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself ! up, up, and see
The great doom's image ! Malcolm ! Banquo !
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites;

To countenance this horror. Ring the bell.

[*Bell rings.*]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak :
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell. 90

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo!
Our royal master's murder'd.

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality:

All is but toys : renown and grace is dead ;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees 100
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss ?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't :
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd ; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom ?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't :
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood ;
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows :
They stared, and were distracted ; no man's life 110
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? No man :
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in
nature 119

For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore : who could
refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known ?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho !

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours ?

Don. [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here,
where our fate,

Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us ?

Let's away ;

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow 130
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady :

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us :

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented. 140

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with
them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in
blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, 150
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

*Outside Macbeth's castle.**Enter Ross with an old Man.*

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well :
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore
night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp :
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural, 10
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last
A falcon towering in her pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and
certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff. 20

How goes the world, sir, now ?

Macd. Why, see you not ?

Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed ?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day !

What good could they pretend ?

Macd. They were suborn'd :

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still :

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means ! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 30

Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body ?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there : adieu !
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new !

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and with those 40
That would make good of bad and friends of foes !
[*Exeunt.*

Act Third.

Scene I.

Forres. The palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now : king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and I fear
Thou play'st most foully for 't : yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more. 10

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king; Lady Macbeth, as queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord. 20

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time

'Twixt this and supper : go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb.

Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd 30

In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention : but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.

[*Exit Banquo.* 40

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night ; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with
you !

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.*

Sirrah, a word with you : attend those men
Our pleasure ?

Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.

[*Exit Attendant.*

To be thus is nothing ;

But to be safely thus : our fears in Banquo.

Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature 50

Reigns that which would be fear'd : 'tis much he
dares,

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none but he

Whose being I do fear : and under him

My Genius is rebuked, as it is said

Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon me,

And bade them speak to him ; then prophet-like

They hail'd him father to a line of kings : 60

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,

For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind ;

For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace

Only for them, and mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man,

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings ! 70

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with
you, 80

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the
instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else that
might

To half a soul and to a notion crazed

Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Mur.

You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature,

That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave go
And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Mur.

We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;

As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept

All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,

The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill

100

That writes them all alike: and so of men.

Now if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur.

I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what

110

I do to spite the world.

First Mur.

And I another

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on 't.

Macb.

Both of you

Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur.

True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine, and in such bloody distance

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, 120
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur.

We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

First Mur.

Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour
at most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,

Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time, 130
 The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
 And something from the palace; always thought
 That I require a clearness: and with him—
 To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
 I'll come to you anon.

Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.
Mach. I'll call upon you straight: abide within. 140
 [Exit Murderers.]

It is concluded: Banquo thy soul's flight,
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit.]

Scene II.

The palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
 For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Lady M.

Nought 's had, all 's spent,

Where our desire is got without content :

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy

Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord ! why do you keep alone,

Of sorriest fancies your companions making ; 9

Using those thoughts which should indeed have died

With them they think on ? Things without all remedy

Should be without regard : what 's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it :

She 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice

Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams

That shake us nightly : better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie 21

In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;

Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,

Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on ;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks ;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love ; and so, I pray, be you :

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ; 30
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue :
Unsafe the while ; that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces visards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;
Then be thou jocund : ere the bat hath flown 40
His cloister'd flight ; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,

And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the
crow 50

Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me. [Exit.

Scene III.

A park near the palace.

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Mur. Macbeth.

Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches

The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!

Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation 10
Already are i' the court.

First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually—
So all men do—from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

Third Mur. 'Tis he.

First Mur. Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First Mur. Let it come down.

[*They set upon Banquo.*

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!

[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?

First Mur. Was 't not the way?

Third Mur. There's but one down; the son is fled.

Sec. Mur. We have lost 20

Best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let's away and say how much is
done. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Hall in the palace.

*A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth,
Ross, Lennon, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees ; sit down : at first
And last a hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks.

Both sides are even : here I'll sit i' the midst : to
Be large in mirth ; anon we'll drink a measure

The table round. [*Approaching the door*] There's
blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.

Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's
good

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scaped. 20

Macb. [*Aside*] Then comes my fit again: I had else
been perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,

As broad and general as the casing air:

But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;

The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.

[*Aside*] There the grown serpent lies; the worm
that's fled

Hath nature that in time will venom breed, 30

No teeth for the present. Get thee gone : to-morrow
We 'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome : to feed were best at
home ;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony ;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer !
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both !

Len. May 't please your highness sit.
[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd, 40
Were the graced person of our Banquo present ;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance !

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your high-
ness
To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table 's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where ?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me. 50

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff! 60

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's
done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pristhee, see there ! behold ! look ! lo ! how say you ?

Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send 71
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Exit Ghost.

Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly ?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame !

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal ;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear : the time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end ; but now they rise again, 80
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools : this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health
to all ;

Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.
 I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
 And to our dear friend Banquo; whom we miss; go
 Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,
 And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide
 thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
 But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, 100
 The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
 If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
 Unreal mockery, hence! [*Exit Ghost.*

Why, so : being gone,

I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,

With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be, 110

And overcome us like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonder ? You make me strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,

When now I think you can behold such sights,

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,

When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord ?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not ; he grows worse and worse ;

Question enrages him : at once, good night :

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

Len. Good night ; and better health 120

Attend his majesty !

Lady M. A kind good night to all !

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*]

Macb. It will have blood : they say blood will have blood :

Stones have been known to move and trees to speak ;

Augures and understood relations have
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought
forth

The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is
which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way, but I will send : 130

There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters :
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to
know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way : I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er :
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd. 140

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use :

We are yet but young in deed. [Exit.]

Scene V.

A beat.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate ! you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and over-bold ? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death ;

And I, the mistress of your charms, ..

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or show the glory of our art ?

And, which is worse, all you have done 10

Hath been but for a wayward son,

Spiteful and wrathful ; who, as others do,

Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now : get you gone,

And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' the morning ; thither he

Will come to know his destiny :

Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms and every thing beside.

I am for the air ; this night I 'll spend 20

Unto a dismal and a fatal end :

Great business must be wrought ere noon :
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound ;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground :
And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion :
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear :
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within : ' Come away,
come away,' &c.*]

Hark ! I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*]

First Witch. Come, let's make haste ; she'll soon be
back again. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene VI.

Forres. The palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther : only I say

Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth : marry, he was dead :
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late ;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled : men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father ? damned fact ! 10

How it did grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep ?

Was not that nobly done ? Ay, and wisely too ;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well : and I do think
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As, an 't please heaven, he shall not—they should
find

What 'twere to kill a father ; so should Fleance. 20
But, peace ! for from broad words, and 'cause he
fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace : sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself ?

Lord.

The son of Duncan,

From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid 30
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
That by the help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honours:
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len.

Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,' 40

The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'

Len.

And that well might

Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold

His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed !

Lord.

I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act Fourth.

Scene I.

A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third Witch. Harpier cries ' 'Tis time, 'tis time.'

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go :

In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

10

Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ; 20
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe 30
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains: 40
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c.*
[*Hecate retires.*

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess, 50
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation;

Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down ;
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure
 Of nature's germins tumble all together,
 Even till destruction sicken ; answer me 60
 To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
 mouths,

Or from our masters ?

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
 Her nine farrow ; grease that's sweaten
 From the murderer's gibbet throw
 Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low ;
 Thyself and office deftly show !

Thunder. First Apparition : an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought :
 Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word
more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

Sec. App. Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born 80
Shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a
tree in his hand.*

What is this,

That rises like the issue of a king,

And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care go
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.

Macb. That will never be :
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? Sweet bodements !
good !

Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart 100
Throbs to know one thing : tell me, if your art
Can tell so much : shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom ?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied : deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you ! Let me know :
Why sinks that cauldron ? and what noise is this ?
[Hautboys.

First Witch. Show !

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart! 110

*A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand;
Banquo's Ghost following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see 120
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antic round, 130
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then
vanish, with Hecate.*]

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious
hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lennon.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by? 140

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. [*Aside*] Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook

Unless the deed go with it : from this moment
 The very firstlings of my heart shall be
 The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
 To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
 done :

The castle of Macduff I will surprise ; 150
 Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
 His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
 That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool ;
 This deed I 'll do before this purpose cool :
 But no more sights !—Where are these gentlemen ?
 Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene II.

Fife. Macduff's castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land ?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none :

His flight was madness : when our actions do not,
 Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his
babes,

His mansion and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much
further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear, 20
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,

It would be my disgrace and your discomfort :

I take my leave at once. [Exit.

L. Macd. Sirrah, you father's dead : 30

And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies ?

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird ! thou 'ldst never fear the net nor
lime,

'The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they are not
set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead : how wilt thou do for a
father ?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market. 40

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother ?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor ?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so ?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and
must be hanged. 50

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear
and lie ?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them ?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools ; for
there are liars and swearers enow to beat the
honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey !
But how wilt thou do for a father ? 60

Son. If he were dead, you 'ld weep for him : if you
would not, it were a good sign that I should
quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame ! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly :
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here ; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage ; 70

To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve
you !

I dare abide no longer. [Exit.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly ?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly : why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

First Mur. Where is your husband ? 80

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain !

First Mur. What, you egg !
[Stabbing him.

Young fry of treachery !

Son. He has kill'd me, mother :

Run away, I pray you ! [Dies.

[Exit Lady Macduff, crying ' Murderer ! '

Exit murderers, following her.

Scene III.

England. Before the King's palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom : each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail ;
What know, believe ; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will. 10
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest : you have loved him well ;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young ; but
something
You may deserve of him through me ; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil 19
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon ;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose :
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country : 31
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee : wear thou thy
wrongs ;
The title is affeer'd. Fare thee well, lord :
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended :

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash 40
Is added to her wounds : I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right ;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands : but for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself I mean : in whom I know 50
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin

That has a name : but there's no bottom, none, 60
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will : better Macbeth
Than such an one to reiga.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours : you may 70
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink :
We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house : 80
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge

Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd.

This avarice

Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings : yet do not fear ;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own : all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

90

Mal. But I have none : the king-becoming graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd.

O Scotland, Scotland !

100

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :

I am as I have spoken.

Macd.

Fit to govern !

No, not to live. O nation miserable !

With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,

When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accursed,
 And does blasphemè his breed? Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, 110
 Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
 These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
 Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
 Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul
 Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me
 Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste: but God above 120
 Deal between thee and me! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
 At no time broke my faith, would not betray

The devil to his fellow, and delight
 No less in truth than life : my first false speaking
 Was this upon myself : what I am truly, 131
 Is thine and my poor country's to command :
 Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 Already at a point, was setting forth.
 Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness
 Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the king forth, I pray
 you ? 140

Doct. Ay, sir ; there are a crew of wretched souls
 That stay his cure : their malady convinces
 The great assay of art ; but at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
 They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

Macd. What's the disease he means ?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil :
 A most miraculous work in this good king ;
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,

I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
 Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye, 151
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne
 That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here ?

Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know him not. 160

Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now : good God, betimes remove
 The means that makes us strangers !

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Ross. Alas, poor country !
 Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave : where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
 Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air,

Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy : the dead man's knell 170
 Is there scarce ask'd for who ; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation

Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What's the newest grief ?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

Ross. No ; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes 't ?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings, 181

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out ;

Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,

For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :

Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland

Would create soldiers, make our women fight,

To doff their dire distresses.

Mal.

Be't their comfort

We are coming thither : gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men ; 190
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross.

Would I could answer

This comfort with the like ! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd.

What concern they ?

The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast ?

Ross.

No mind that's honest

But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd.

If it be mine,

Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd.

Hum ! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised ; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal.

Merciful heaven !

What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows ;
Give sorrow words : the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too ?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all 211

That could be found.

Macd.

And I must be from thence !

My wife kill'd too ?

Ross.

I have said.

Mal.

Be comforted :

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones ?

Did you say all ? O hell-kite ! All ?

What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd.

I shall do so ;

220

But I must also feel it as a man :

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee ! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

Fell slaughter on their souls : heaven rest them now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let grief
Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes, 230
And braggart with my tongue ! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission ; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself ;
Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too !

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king ; our power is ready ;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may ;

The night is long that never finds the day. 240

[*Exeunt.*



Act Fifth.

Scene I.

Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say? 10

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness 20
to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she 30
rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One:

two: why, then 'tis time to do't. Hell is 40
murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and
afear'd? What need we fear who knows it,
when none can call our power to account?
Yet who would have thought the old man to
have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where
is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be
clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more
o' that: you mar all with this starting. 50

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you
should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am
sure of that: heaven knows what she has
known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all
the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this
little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely
charged. 60

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom
for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice : yet I
have known those which have walked in their
sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands ; put on your night-
gown ; look not so pale : I tell you yet again,
Banquo's buried ; he cannot come out on's 70
grave.

Doct. Even so ?

Lady M. To bed, to bed ; there's knocking at the
gate : come, come, come, come, give me your
hand : what's done cannot be undone : to bed,
to bed, to bed. [Exit.

Doct. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad : unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles : infected minds 80
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets :
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all ! Look after her ;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So good night :
My mind she has mated and amazed my sight :
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent.

Good night, good doctor.

[Exeunt.

Scene II.

The country near Dunsinane.

*Drum and colours. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus,
Lennox, and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now 10
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;

I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly, false
thanes.

And mingle with the English epicures :
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear. 10

Enter a Servant.

**The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon !
Where got'st thou that goose look ?**

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. **Soldiers, sir.**

Macb. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push 20
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have lived long enough : my way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
 Seyton !

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure ?

Macb. What news more ? 30

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses, skirr the country round ;
 Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
 How does your patient, doctor ?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
 That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, 40

<i>Doct.</i>	Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.	

Doct. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Doct. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene IV.

Country near Birnam wood.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward and his Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us ?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him : thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope : 10
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate : 20
Towards which advance the war.' [*Exeunt, marching.*]

Scene V.

Dunsinane. Within the castle.

*Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and
colours.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;
The cry is still ' They come : ' our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up :
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.

[*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise ?

Sec. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :

The time has been, my senses would have cool'd 10
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't : I have supp'd full with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry ?

Sec. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter ;

There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, 20
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord, 30

I should report that which I say I saw,

But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,

The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave !

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so :

Within this three mile may you see it coming ;

I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,

Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,

Till famine cling thee : if thy speech be sooth, 40

I care not if thou dost for me as much.

I pull in resolution, and begin

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend

That lies like truth : ' Fear not, till Birnam wood

Do come to Dunsinane ; ' and now a wood

Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out !

If this which he avouches does appear,

There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.

I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun, 49
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell ! Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
At least we 'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Dunsinane. Before the castle.

*Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff,
and their Army, with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough ; your leavy screens throw
down,

And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak ; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. 10
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. What 's he
That was not born of woman ? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name ?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No ; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name 's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant ; with my sword I
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[They fight, and young Siward is slain.]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born. *[Exit.]*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face !
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves : either thou,
Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst
be ; 20
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited : let me find him, fortune !
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord ; the castle's gently render'd :
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Excunt. Alarum.*

Scene VIII.

Another part of the field.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee :
But get thee back ; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words :
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out ! *[They fight.]*

Macb. Thou lovest labour :
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed : 10
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man !
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense ; 20
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time :
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, 30
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last : before my body
I throw my warlike shield : lay on, Macduff ;
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough !'

[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*]

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours,
Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, the other Thanes, and
Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

Siw. Some must go off : and yet, by these I see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt :

He only lived but till he was a man ; 40

The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd

In the unshrinking station where he fought,

But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead ?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field : your cause of sorrow

Must not be measured by his worth, for then

It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before ?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he !

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

I would not wish them to a fairer death :

And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow, 50

And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more :

They say he parted well and paid his score :

And so God be with him ! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, king ! for so thou art : behold, where stands

The usurper's cursed head : the time is free :
 I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
 That speak my salutation in their minds ;
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine :
 Hail, King of Scotland !

All.

Hail, King of Scotland !

[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time 60
 Before we reckon with your several loves,
 And make us even with you. My thanes and kins-
 men,
 Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
 In such an honour named. What's more to do,
 Which would be planted newly with the time,
 As calling home our exiled friends abroad
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
 Producing forth the cruel ministers
 Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
 Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands 70
 Took off her life ; this, and what needful else
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
 We will perform in measure, time and place :
 So thanks to all at once and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Glossary.

A ONE, a man; (Theobald from Davenant, "*a Thane*"; Grant White, "*a man*"); III. iv. 131.

ABSOLUTE, positive; III. vi. 40.

ABUSE, deceive; II. i. 50.

ACHERON, the river of the infernal regions; III. v. 15.

ADDER'S FORK, the forked tongue of the adder; IV. i. 16.

ADDITION, title; I. iii. 106.

ADDRESS'D THEM, prepared themselves; II. ii. 24.

ADHERE, were in accordance; I. vii. 52.

ADMIR'D, wondrous-strange; III. iv. 110.

ADVISE, instruct; III. i. 129.

AFFAID, afraid; I. iii. 96.

AFFECTION, disposition; IV. iii. 77.

AFFEE'D, confirmed; IV. iii. 34.

ALARM, call to arms; V. ii. 4.

ALARUM'D, alarmed; II. i. 53.

ALL, any; III. ii. 11.

—; "and all to all," *i.e.* and we all (drink) to all; III. iv. 92.

ALL-THING, in every way; III. i. 13.

A-MAKING, in course of progress; III. iv. 34.

ANGEL, genius, demon; V. viii. 14.

ANGERLY, angrily; III. v. 1.

ANNOYANCE, hurt, harm; V. i. 84.

ANON, immediately; I. i. 10.

ANON, ANOM, "coming, coming"; the general answer of waiters; II. iii. 23.

AN'T, if it; (*Fi*, "*and 't*"); III. vi. 19.

ANTIC, grotesque, old-fashioned; IV. i. 130.

ANTICIPATEST, dost prevent; IV. i. 144.

APACE, quickly; III. iii. 6.

APPLY, be devoted; III. ii. 30.

APPROVE, prove; I. vi. 4.

ARGUMENT, subject, theme; II. iii. 126.

ARM'D, encased in armour; III. iv. 101.

AROUND THREE, begone; I. iii. 6.

ARTIFICIAL, made by art; III. v. 27.

AS, as if; II. iv. 18.

ASSAY; "the great *a.* of art," the greatest effort of skill; IV. iii. 143.

ATTEND, await; III. ii. 3.

AUGURES, auguries; (?) augurs; III. iv. 124.

AUTHORIZED BY, given on the authority of; III. iv. 66.

AVOUCH, assert; III. i. 120.

BABY OF A GIRL, (?) girl's doll; according to others, "feeble child of an immature mother"; III. iv. 106.

BADGED, smeared, marked (as with a badge); II. iii. 107.

BANE, evil, harm; V. iii. 59.

BATTLE, division of an army; V. vi. 4.

BEGUILE, deceive; I. v. 64.

BELLONA, the goddess of war; I. ii. 54.

BEND UP, strain; I. vii. 79.

BENISON, blessing; II. iv. 40.

BENT, determined; III. iv. 134.

BEST, good, suitable; III. iv. 5.

BESTOW'D, staying; III. i. 30.

BESTOWS HIMSELF, has settled; III. vi. 24.

BESTRIDE, stand over in posture of defence; IV. iii. 4.

BIDES, lies; III. iv. 26.

BILL, catalogue; III. i. 100.

BIRNAM, a high hill twelve miles from Dunsinane; IV. i. 93.

BIRTHDOM, land of our birth, mother-country; IV. iii. 4.

BLADED; "b. corn," corn in the blade, when the ear is still green; IV. i. 55.
BLIND-WORM, glow-worm; IV. i. 16.
BLOOD-BOLTER'D, locks matted into hard clotted blood; IV. i. 123.
BLOW, blow upon; I. iii. 15.
BODEMENTS, forebodings; IV. i. 96.
BOOT; "to b.", in addition; IV. iii. 37.
BORNE, conducted, managed; III. vi. 3.
BORNE IN HAND, kept up by false hopes; III. i. 81.
BOSOM, close and intimate; I. ii. 64.
BRAINSICKLY, madly; II. ii. 46.
BREAK, disclose; I. vii. 48.
BREECH'D, "having the very hilt, or breech, covered with blood"; (according to some "covered as with breeches"); II. iii. 122.
BREED, family, parentage; IV. iii. 108.
BRINDED, brindled, streaked; IV. i. 1.
BRING, conduct; IV. iii. 52.
BROAD, plain-spoken; III. vi. 21.
BROIL, battle; I. ii. 6.
BROKE OPEN, broken open; II. iii. 72.
BUT, only; I. vii. 6.
BY, past; IV. i. 137.
BY THE WAY, casually; III. iv. 130.

CABIN'D, confined; III. iv. 24.
CAPTAINS, trisyllabic; (S. Walker conj. "*captains twain*"); I. ii. 34.
CARELESS, uncared for; I. iv. 11.
CASING, encompassing, all surrounding; III. iv. 23.
'CAUSE, because; III. vi. 21.
CENSURES, opinion; V. iv. 14.
CHAMPION ME, fight in single combat with me; III. i. 72.
CHANCED, happened, taken place; I. iii. 153.
CHAPS, jaws, mouth; I. ii. 22.
CHARGE; "in an imperial c.", in executing a royal command; IV. iii. 20.
CHARGED, burdened, oppressed; V. i. 60.

CHAUDRON, entrails; IV. i. 33.
CHILDREN (trisyllabic); IV. iii. 177.
CHOKED THEIR ART, render their skill useless; I. ii. 9.
CHUCK, a term of endearment; III. ii. 45.
CLEAR, serenely; I. v. 72.
 —, innocent, guiltless; I. vii. 18.
 —, unstained; II. i. 28.
CLEARNESS, clear from suspicion; III. i. 133.
CLEPT, called; III. i. 94.
CLING, shrivel up; V. v. 40.
CLOSE, join, unite; III. ii. 14.
CLOSE, secret; III. v. 7.
CLOSED, enclosed; III. i. 99.
CLOUDY, sullen, frowning; III. vi. 41.
COCK, cock-crow; "the second c.", *i.e.*, about three o'clock in the morning; II. iii. 27.
COIGN OF VANTAGE, convenient corner; I. vi. 7.
COLD, (?) dissyllabic; IV. i. 6.
COLME-KILL, *i.e.* Icolmkill, the cell of St. Columba; II. iv. 33.
COME, which have come; I. iii. 144.
COMMAND UPON, put your commands upon; III. i. 16.
COMMENTS, commits, offers; I. vii. 11.
COMMISSION; "those in c.", those entrusted with the commission; I. iv. 2.
COMPOSITION, terms of peace; I. ii. 59.
COMPT; "in c.", in account; I. vi. 26.
COMPUNCTIONS, pricking the conscience; I. v. 46.
CONCLUDED, decided; III. i. 141.
CONFINELESS, boundless, limitless; IV. iii. 55.
CONFOUNDS, destroys, ruins; II. ii. 12.
CONFRONTED, met face to face; I. ii. 55.

CONFUSION, destruction; II. iii. 71.
CONSEQUENCES; v. mortal; V. iii. 5.
CONSENT, counsel, proposal; II. i. 25.
CONSTANCY, firmness; II. ii. 68.
CONTENTD AGAINST, vie with; I. vi. 16.
CONTENT, satisfaction; III. ii. 5.
CONTINENT, restraining; IV. iii. 64.
CONVERT, change; IV. iii. 229.
CONVEY, "indulge secretly"; IV. iii. 71.
CONVINCE, overpower; I. vii. 64.
CONVINCES, overpowers; IV. iii. 142.
COPY, (?) copyhold, non-permanent tenure; III. ii. 38.
CORPORAL, corporeal; I. iii. 81.
 —; "each c. agent," *i.e.* "each faculty of the body"; I. vii. 80.
COUNSELLORS; "c. to fear," fear's counsellors, *i.e.* "suggest fear"; V. iii. 17.
COUNTENANCE, "be in keeping with"; II. iii. 85.
CRACK OF DOOM, burst of sound, thunder, at the day of doom; IV. i. 117.
CRACKS, charges; I. ii. 37.
CROWN, head; IV. i. 113.
DAINTY OF, particular about; II. iii. 150.
DEAR, deeply felt; V. ii. 3.
DEGREES, degrees of rank; III. iv. 1.
DELIVER THEE, report to thee; I. v. 11.
DELIVERS, communicates to us; III. iii. 2.
DEMI-WOLVES, a cross between dogs and wolves; III. i. 94.
DENIES, refuses; III. iv. 128.
DETraction, defamation; "mine own d.", the evil things I have spoken against myself; IV. iii. 123.
DEVIL (monosyllabic); I. iii. 107.
DEW, bedew; V. ii. 30.
DISJOINT, fall to pieces; III. ii. 16.

DISPLACED, banished; III. iv. 109.
DISPUTE IT, fight against it; (?) reason upon it (Schmidt); IV. iii. 220.
DISSEAT, unseat; V. iii. 21.
DISTANCE, hostility; III. i. 116.
DOFF, do off, put off; IV. iii. 188.
DOUBT, fear, suspect; IV. ii. 67.
DRINK; "my d.," *i.e.* "my posset"; II. i. 31.
DROWSE, become drowsy; III. ii. 52.
DUDGEON, handle of a dagger; II. i. 46.
DUNNEST, darkest; I. v. 52.
EARNEST, pledge, money paid beforehand; I. iii. 104.
EASY, easily; II. iii. 143.
ECSTASY, any state of being beside one's self, violent emotion; III. ii. 22.
EFFECTS, acts, actions; V. i. 11.
EGG, term of contempt; IV. ii. 83.
EMINENCE, distinction; III. ii. 31.
ENGLAND, the King of England; IV. iii. 43.
ENKINDLE, incite; I. iii. 121.
ENOW, enough; II. iii. 7.
ENTRANCE, (trisyllabic); I. v. 40.
EQUIVOCATE TO HEAVEN, get to heaven by equivocation; II. iii. 12.
EQUIVOCATOR, (probably alluding to Jesuitical equivocation; Garnet, the superior of the order was on his trial in March, 1606); II. iii. 10.
ESTATE, royal dignity, succession to the crown; I. iv. 37.
ETERNAL JEWEL, immortal soul; III. i. 68.
ETERNE, perpetual; III. ii. 38.
EVIL, king's evil, scrofula; IV. iii. 146.
EXASPERATE, exasperated; III. vi. 38.
EXPECTATION, those guests who are expected; III. iii. 10.
EXPEDITION, haste; II. iii. 116.
EXTEND, prolong; III. iv. 57.

FACT, act, deed; III. vi. 10.
 FACULTIES, powers, prerogatives; I. vii. 17.
 FAIN, gladly; V. iii. 28.
 FANTASTICAL, imaginary; I. iii. 53; I. iii. 139.
 FARROW, litter of pigs; IV. i. 65.
 FAVOUR, pardon; I. iii. 149.
 —, countenance, face; I. v. 73.
 FEARS, objects of fear; I. iii. 137.
 FEED, "to f.", feeding; III. iv. 35.
 FREE-GRIEF, "grief that hath a single owner"; IV. iii. 196.
 FELL, scalp; V. v. 11.
 —, cruel, dire; IV. ii. 72.
 FELLOW, equal; II. iii. 68.
 FILE, list; V. ii. 8.
 —, "the valued f.", list of qualities; III. i. 95.
 FILED, made foul, defiled; III. i. 65.
 FIRST, "at f. and last," (?) once for all, from the beginning to the end; (Johnson conj. "to f. and next"); III. iv. 1.
 FITS, caprices; IV. ii. 17.
 FLAWS, storms of passion; III. iv. 63.
 FLIGHTY, fleeting; IV. i. 145.
 FLOUT, mock, defy; I. ii. 49.
 FLY, fly from me; V. iii. 1.
 FOISONS, plenty, rich harvests; IV. iii. 88.
 FOLLOWS, attends; I. vi. 11.
 FOR, because of; III. i. 121.
 —, as for, as regards; IV. ii. 15.
 FORBID, cursed, blasted; I. iii. 21.
 FORCED, strengthened; V. v. 5.
 FORGE, fabricate, invent; IV. iii. 82.
 FORSWORN, perjured; IV. iii. 126.
 FOUNDED, firmly fixed; III. iv. 22.
 FRAME OF THINGS, universe; III. ii. 16.
 FRANCHISED, free, unstained; II. i. 28.
 FREE, freely; I. iii. 155.

FREE, honourable; III. vi. 36.
 FREE, remove, do away; (Steevens conj. "Fright" or "Fray"; Bailey conj., adopted by Hudson, "Keep" Kinnear conj. "Rid"); III. vi. 35.
 FRENCH HOSE, probably a reference to the narrow, straight hose, in contradistinction to the round, wide hose; II. iii. 16.
 FRIGHT, frighten, terrify; IV. ii. 70.
 FROM, differently from; III. i. 100.
 —, in consequence of, on account of; III. vi. 21.
 FRY, literally a swarm of young fishes; here used as a term of contempt; IV. ii. 84.
 FUNCTION, power of action; I. iii. 140.
 FURBISH'D, burnished; I. ii. 32.
 GALLOWGLASSES, heavy-armed Irish troops; (F. i., "Gallowglasses"); I. ii. 13.
 GENIUS, spirit of good or ill; III. i. 56.
 GENTLE SENSES, senses which are soothed (by the "gentle" air); (Warburton, "general sense"; Johnson conj., adopted by Capell, "gentle sense"); I. vi. 3.
 GERMS, germs, seeds; IV. i. 59.
 GET, beget; I. iii. 67.
 GIN, a trap to catch birds; IV. ii. 35.
 'GINS, begins; I. ii. 25.
 GIVES OUT, proclaims; IV. iii. 192.
 GOD 'ILD US, corruption of "God yield us"; (Ff., "God-eyld us"); I. vi. 13.
 GOLGOTHA, i.e. "the place of a skull" (cp. Mark xv. 22); I. ii. 40.
 GOOD, brave; IV. iii. 3.
 GOODNESS, "the chance of g.", "the chance of success"; IV. iii. 136.
 GOOSE, a tailor's smoothing iron; II. iii. 17.
 GOSPEL'D, imbued with Gospel teaching; III. i. 88.

GO TO, GO TO, an exclamation of reproach; V. i. 51.

GOUTS, drops; II. i. 46.

GRACED, gracious, full of graces; III. iv. 41.

GRANDAM, grandmother; III. iv. 66.

GRAVE, weighty; III. i. 22.

GRAYMALKIN, a grey cat, (the familiar spirit of the First Witch; "*malkin*" diminutive of "*Mary*"); I. i. 9.

GRIFE, grasp; III. i. 62.

GROOMS, servants of any kind; II. ii. 5.

GULF, gullet; IV. i. 23.

HAIL (dissyllabic); I. ii. 5.

HARBINGER, forerunner, an officer of the king's household; I. iv. 45.

HARDLY, with difficulty; V. iii. 62.

HARMS, injuries; "my h.", injuries inflicted by me; IV. iii. 55.

HARP'D, hit, touched; IV. i. 74.

HARRIER, probably a corruption of *Harpy*; IV. i. 3.

HAVING, possessions; I. iii. 56.

HEAR, talk with; III. iv. 32.

HEART; "any h.", the heart of any man; III. vi. 15.

HEAVILY, sadly; IV. iii. 182.

HECATE, the goddess of hell; (one of the names of Artemis-Diana, as goddess of the infernal regions); II. i. 52.

HEDGE-PIG, hedge-hog; IV. i. 2.

HERMITS, beadamen; men bound to pray for their benefactors; (F. 1, "*Ermites*"); I. vi. 20.

HIE THEE, hasten; I. v. 26.

HIS, this man's; IV. iii. 80.

HOLDS, withholds; III. vi. 25.

HOLF, helped; I. vi. 23.

HOME, thoroughly, completely; I. iii. 120.

HOMELY, humble; IV. ii. 68.

HOODWINK, blind; IV. iii. 72.

HORSES (monosyllabic); II. iv. 14.

HOUSEKEEPER, watch dog; III. i. 97.

HOWLET's, owl's; IV. i. 17.

HOW SAY'ST THOU, what do you think!; III. iv. 128.

HUMANE, human; III. iv. 76.

HURLYBURLY, tumult, uproar; I. i. 3.

HUSBANDRY, economy; II. i. 4.

HYRCAN TIGER, *i.e.* tiger of Hyrcania, a district south of the Caspian; III. iv. 101.

IGNORANT, *i.e.* of future events; I. v. 58.

ILL-COMPOSED, compounded of evil qualities; IV. iii. 77.

ILLNESS, evil; I. v. 21.

IMPRESS, force into his service; IV. i. 95.

IN, under the weight of; IV. iii. 20.

INCARNADINE, make red; II. ii. 62.

INFORMS, takes visible form; II. i. 48.

INITIATE; "the i. fear," "the fear that attends, *i.e.* the first initiation (into guilt)"; III. iv. 143.

INSANE; "the i. root", the root which causes insanity; I. iii. 84.

INSTANT, present moment; I. v. 59.

INTERDICTION, exclusion; IV. iii. 107.

INTERMISSION, delay; IV. iii. 232.

INTRENCHANT, indivisible; V. viii. 9.

JEALOUSIES, suspicions; IV. iii. 29.

JUMP, hazard, risk; I. vii. 7.

JUST, exactly; III. iii. 4.

JUTTY, jetty, projection; I. vi. 6.

KERNS, light-armed Irish troops; I. ii. 13.

KNOWINGS, knowledge, experiences; II. iv. 4.

KNOWLEDGE; "the k.", what you know; (Collier MS. and Walker conj. "*thy k.*"); I. ii. 6.

LACK, want, requirement; IV. iii. 237.

LACK, miss; III. iv. 84.

LAPP'D, wrapped; I. ii. 54.

LARGE, liberal, unrestrained; III. iv. 11.

LATCH, catch; IV. iii. 195.
 LATED, belated; III. iii. 6.
 LAVE, keep clear and unsullied; III. ii. 33.
 LAVISH, unrestrained, insolent; I. ii. 57.
 LAY, did lodge; II. iii. 59.
 LEASE OF NATURE, term of natural life; IV. i. 99.
 LEAVE, leave off; III. ii. 35.
 LEFT UNATTENDED, forsaken, deserted; II. ii. 69.
 LESSER, less; V. ii. 13.
 LIES; "swears and l.", *i.e.* "swears allegiance and commits perjury"; (*cf.* IV. ii. 51 for the literal sense of the phrase); IV. ii. 47.
 LIGHTED, descended; II. iii. 148.
 LIKE, same; II. i. 30.
 —, likely; II. iv. 29.
 —, equal, the same; IV. iii. 8.
 LILY-LIVER'D, cowardly; V. iii. 15.
 LIMBEC, alembic, still; I. vii. 67.
 LIME, bird-lime; IV. ii. 34.
 LIMITED, appointed; II. iii. 57.
 LINE, strengthen; I. iii. 112.
 LIST, lists, place marked out for a combat; III. i. 71.
 LISTENING, listening to; II. ii. 28.
 LO; "lo you," *i.e.* look you; V. i. 22.
 LODGED, laid, thrown down; IV. i. 55.
 LOOK, expect; V. iii. 26.
 LOON, brute; V. iii. 11.
 LUXURIOUS, lustful; IV. iii. 58.
 MAGGOT-PIES, magpies; III. iv. 125.
 MANSIONRY, abode; I. vi. 5.
 MARK, take heed, listen; I. ii. 28.
 —, notice; V. i. 46.
 MARRY, a corruption of the Virgin Mary; a slight oath; III. vi. 4.
 MATED, bewildered; V. i. 86.
 MAWS, stomachs; III. iv. 73.
 MAY I, I hope I may; III. iv. 42.
 MEDICINE, "physician"; (?) physic; V. ii. 27.
 MEEK, meekly; I. vii. 17.

MEMORIZE, make memorable, make famous; I. ii. 40.
 MERE, absolutely; IV. iii. 89.
 MERE, utter, absolute; IV. iii. 152.
 METAPHYSICAL, supernatural; I. v. 30.
 MINION, darling, favourite; I. ii. 19; II. iv. 15.
 MINUTELY, "happening every minute, continual"; V. ii. 18.
 MISSIVES, messengers; I. v. 7.
 MISTRUST; "he needs not our m.", *i.e.* we need not mistrust him; III. iii. 2.
 MOCKERY, delusive imitation; III. iv. 107.
 MODERN, ordinary; IV. iii. 170.
 MOE, more; V. iii. 35.
 MONSTROUS (trissyllabic); III. vi. 8.
 MORTAL, deadly, murderous; I. v. 42.
 —, "m. murders," deadly wounds; III. iv. 8.
 —, "m. consequences," what befalls man in the course of time; V. iii. 5.
 MORTALITY, mortal life; II. iii. 98.
 MORTIFIED, dead, insensible; V. ii. 5.
 MOUNCH'D, chewed with closed lips; I. iii. 5.
 MUSE, wonder; III. iv. 85.
 MUST BE, was destined to be; IV. iii. 212.
 NAPKINS, handkerchiefs; II. iii. 6.
 NATURE; "nature's mischief," man's evil propensities; I. v. 51.
 —, "in n.", in their whole nature; II. iv. 16.
 NAUGHT, vile thing; IV. iii. 225.
 NAVE, navel, middle; (Warburton "*nave*"); I. ii. 22.
 NEAR, nearer; II. iii. 146.
 NEAR'ST OF LIFE, inmost life, most vital parts; III. i. 118.
 NICE, precise, minute; IV. iii. 174.
 NIGHTGOWN, dressing gown; II. ii. 70.
 NOISE, music; IV. i. 106.
 NORWAYS', Norwegians'; I. ii. 59.

NORWEYAN, Norwegian; I. ii. 31.

NOTE, notoriety; III. ii. 44.

—, list; III. iii. 10.

—, notice; III. iv. 56.

NOTHING, not at all; I. iii. 96.

—, nobody; IV. iii. 166.

NOTION, apprehension; III. i. 83.

OBLIVIOUS, causing forgetfulness; V. iii. 43.

OBSCURE; "o. bird," *i.e.* the bird delighting in darkness, the owl; II. iii. 64.

ODDS; "at o.", at variance; III. iv. 127.

O'ERFRAUGHT, overcharged, overloaded; IV. iii. 210.

OF, from; IV. i. 81.

—, with; (Hammer, "with"); I. ii. 13.

—, over; I. iii. 33.

—, by; III. vi. 4; III. vi. 27.

—, for; IV. iii. 95.

OFFICES, duty, employment; III. iii. 3.

—, *i.e.* domestic offices, servants' quarters; II. i. 14.

OLD (used colloquially); II. iii. 2.

ON, of; I. iii. 84.

ONCE, ever; IV. iii. 167.

ONE, wholly, uniformly; II. ii. 63.

ON'S, of his; V. i. 70.

ON'T, of it; III. i. 114.

OPEN'D, unfolded; IV. iii. 52.

OR ERB, before; IV. iii. 173.

OTHER, others; I. iii. 14.

—, "the o.", *i.e.* the other side; I. vii. 28.

—, otherwise; I. vii. 77.

OTHER'S, other man's; IV. iii. 80.

OURSELVES, one another; III. iv. 32.

OUT, *i.e.* in the field; IV. iii. 183.

OUTRUN, did outrun; (Johnson, "out-ran"); II. iii. 117.

OVERCOME, overshadow; III. iv. 111.

OVER-RED, redden over; V. iii. 14.

OWE, own, possess; I. iii. 76.

OWNED, owned; I. iv. 10.

PADDOCK, toad (the familiar spirit of the second witch); I. i. 10.

PALL, wrap, envelop; I. v. 52.

PASSION, strong emotion; III. iv. 57.

PATCH, fool (supposed to be derived from the patched or motley coat of the jester); V. iii. 15.

PEAK, dwindle away; I. iii. 23.

PENT-HOUSE LID, *i.e.* eye-lids; I. iii. 20.

PERFECT, well, perfectly acquainted; IV. ii. 66.

PESTER'D, troubled; V. ii. 23.

PLACE, "pitch, the highest elevation of a hawk"; a term of falconry; II. iv. 12.

POINT; "at a p.", "prepared for any emergency"; IV. iii. 135.

POOR, feeble; III. ii. 14.

POORLY, dejectedly, unworthily; II. ii. 72.

PORTABLE, endurable; IV. iii. 89.

POSSESS, all; IV. iii. 302.

POSSETS, drink; "posset is hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes all to a curd"; (Randle Holmes' *Academy of Armouris*, 1688); II. ii. 6.

POSTERS, speedy travellers; I. iii. 33.

POWER, armed force, army; IV. iii. 185.

PREDOMINANCE, superior power, influence; an astrological term; II. iv. 8.

PRESENT, present time; I. v. 58.

PRESENT, instant, immediate; I. ii. 64.

PRESENT, offer; III. ii. 31.

PRESENTLY, immediately; IV. iii. 145.

PRETENCE, purpose, intention; II. iii. 137.

PRETEND, intend; II. iv. 24.
PROBATION; "passed in p. with you,"
 proved, passing them in detail, one
 by one; III. i. 80.
PROFOUND, "having deep or hidden
 qualities" (Johnson); (?) "deep, and
 therefore ready to fall" (Clar. Pr.);
 III. v. 24.
PROOF, proved armour; I. ii. 54.
PROPER, fine, excellent (used ironi-
 cally); III. iv. 60.
PROTEST, show publicly, proclaim;
 V. ii. 11.
PURGED, cleansed; III. iv. 76.
PURVEYOR, an officer of the king sent
 before to provide food for the King
 and his retinue, as the *harbinger* pro-
 vided lodging; I. vi. 22.
PUSH, attack, onset; V. iii. 20.
PUT ON, set on, (?) set to work; IV.
 iii. 239.
PUT UPON, falsely attribute; I. vii.
 70.
QUARRY, a heap of slaughtered game;
 IV. iii. 206.
QUELL, murder; I. vii. 72.
QUIET; "at q.", in quiet, at peace;
 II. iii. 18.
RAVELL'D, tangled; II. ii. 37.
RAVIN'D, ravenous; IV. i. 24.
RAVIN UP, devour greedily; II. iv.
 28.
RAWNESS, hurry; IV. iii. 26.
READINESS; "manly r.", complete
 clothing (opposed to "naked frail-
 ties"); II. iii. 139.
RECEIPT, receptacle; I. vii. 66.
RECEIVED, believed; I. vii. 74.
RECOIL, swerve; IV. iii. 19.
 —; "to r.", for recoiling; V. ii. 23.
RELATION, narrative; IV. iii. 173.
RELATIONS, "the connection of effects
 with causes"; III. iv. 124.
RELISH, smack; IV. iii. 93.

REMEMBRANCE, quadrisyllabic; III.
 ii. 30.
REMEMBRANCER, reminder; III. iv. 37.
REMORSE, pity; I. v. 45.
REQUIRE, ask her to give; III. iv. 6.
RESOLVE YOURSELVES, decide, make
 up your minds; III. i. 138.
REST, remain; I. vi. 20.
 —, give rest; IV. iii. 227.
RETURN, give back, render; I. vi.
 28.
RONVON, a term of contempt; I. iii. 6.
ROOF'D, gathered under one roof; III.
 iv. 40.
ROOKY, gloomy, foggy; (Jennens,
 "*rocky*"); III. ii. 51.
ROUND, circlet, crown; I. v. 29.
 —; "r. and top of sovereignty," *i.e.*
 "the crown, the top or summit of
 sovereign power"; IV. i. 87.
 —, dance in a circle; IV. i. 130.
RUBS, hindrances, impediments; III.
 i. 134.
RUMF-FED, well-fed, pampered; I. iii.
 6.
SAFE TOWARD, with a sure regard to;
 I. iv. 27.
SAG, droop, sink; V. iii. 10.
SAINT COLME'S INCH, the island of
 Columba, now Inchcolm, in the Firth
 of Forth; I. ii. 61.
SAUCY, insolent, importunate; (?) pun-
 gent, sharp, gnawing (Koppel); III.
 iv. 25.
SAV TO, tell; I. ii. 6.
SCAPED, escaped; III. iv. 20.
SCARF UP, blindfold; III. ii. 47.
SCONE, the ancient coronation place of
 the kings of Scotland; II. iv. 31.
SCOTCH'D, — cut with shallow in-
 cisions" (Theobald's emendation of
 Ff., "*scorch'd*"); III. ii. 13.
SEASON, seasoning; III. iv. 141.
SEAT, situation; I. vi. 1.
SEATED, fixed firmly; I. iii. 136.

- SECURITY, confidence, consciousness of security, carelessness; III. v. 32.
- SEEING, blinding (originally a term of falconry); III. ii. 46.
- SEEMS; "that s. to speak things strange," i.e. "whose appearance corresponds with the strangeness of his message" (Clar. Pr.); (Johnson conj. "*seems*"; Collier MS., "*comes*," etc.); I. ii. 47.
- SELF-ABUSE, self-delusion; III. iv. 142.
- SELF-COMPARISONS, measuring himself with the other; I. ii. 55.
- SELFSAME, very same; I. iii. 88.
- SENNET, a set of notes on trumpet or cornet; III. i. 10-11.
- SE'NNIGHTS, seven nights, weeks; I. iii. 22.
- SENSIBLE, perceptible, tangible; II. i. 36.
- SERGEANT (trisyllabic); I. ii. 3.
- SET FORTH, shewed; I. iv. 6.
- SETTLED, determined; I. vii. 79.
- SEWER, one who tasted each dish to prove there was no poison in it; I. vii. (direct.).
- SHAG-EAR'D, having hairy ears; (Steevens conj., adopted by Singer (ed. 2) and Hudson, "*shag-hair'd*"; IV. ii. 83).
- SHALL, will; II. i. 29.
- , I shall; IV. ii. 23.
- SHAME, am ashamed; II. ii. 64.
- SHARD-BORNE, borne by scaly wing-cases; (Davenant, "*sharp-brow'd*"; Daniel conj. "*sharn-bode*"; Upton conj. "*sharn-born*"; III. ii. 42).
- SHIFT, steal, quietly get; II. iii. 151.
- SHIPMAN'S CARD, the card of the compass; I. iii. 17.
- SHOUGH, a kind of shaggy dog; (Ff., "*Shoughes*"; Capell, "*shocks*"; III. i. 94).
- SHOULD BE, appear to be; I. iii. 45.
- SHOW, dumb-show; IV. i. 111-112.
- SHOW, appear; I. iii. 54.
- SHUT UP, enclosed, enveloped; II. i. 16.
- SICKEN, be surfeited; IV. i. 60.
- SIGHTLESS, invisible; I. vii. 23.
- SIGHTS; Collier MS. and Singer MS. "*flights*"; Grant White "*sprites*"; IV. i. 155.
- SINEL, Macbeth's father, according to Holinshed; I. iii. 71.
- SINGLE, individual; I. iii. 140.
- , simple, small; I. vi. 16.
- SIRRAH, used in addressing an inferior; here used playfully; IV. ii. 30.
- SKIRR, scour; V. iii. 35.
- SLAB, thick, glutinous; IV. i. 32.
- SLEAVE, sleeve-silk, floss silk; II. ii. 37.
- SLEEK O'ER, smooth; III. ii. 27.
- SLEIGHTS, feats of dexterity; III. v. 26.
- SLIPP'D, let slip; II. iii. 52.
- SLIVER'D, slipped off; IV. i. 28.
- SMACK, have the taste, savour; I. ii. 44.
- SO, like grace, gracious; IV. iii. 24.
- SO WELL, as well; I. ii. 43.
- SOLE, alone, mere; IV. iii. 12.
- SOLEMN, ceremonious, formal; III. i. 14.
- SOLICITING, inciting; I. iii. 130.
- SOLICITS, entreats, moves by prayer; IV. iii. 149.
- SOMETHING, some distance; III. i. 132.
- SOMETIME, sometimes; I. vi. 11.
- SORELY, heavily; V. i. 59.
- SORRIEST, saddest; III. ii. 9.
- SORRY, sad; II. ii. 20.
- SPEAK, bespeak, proclaim; IV. iii. 159.
- SPECULATION, intelligence; III. iv. 95.
- SPEED; "had the s. of him," has outstripped him; I. v. 36.
- SPONGY, imbibing like a sponge; I. vii. 71.
- SPRING, source; I. ii. 27.
- SPRITES, spirits; IV. i. 157.
- SPY, v. Note; III. i. 130.
- STABLENESS, constancy; IV. iii. 92.
- STAFF, lance; V. iii. 48.
- STAMP, stamped coin; IV. iii. 153.

STANCHLESS, insatiable; IV. iii. 78.
STAND, remain; III. i. 4.
STAND NOT UPON, do not be particular about; III. iv. 119.
STATE, chair of State; III. iv. 5.
STATE OF HONOUR, noble rank, condition; IV. ii. 66.
STAY, wait for; IV. iii. 142.
STAYS, waits; III. v. 35.
STICKING-PLACE, *i.e.* "the place in which the peg of a stringed instrument remains fast; the proper degree of tension"; I. vii. 60.
STIR, stirring, moving; I. iii. 144.
STOREHOUSE, place of burial; II. iv. 34.
STRANGE, new; I. iii. 145.
 —; "a. and self-abuse," *i.e.* (?) "my abuse of others and myself"; III. iv. 142.
STRANGELY-VISITED, afflicted with strange diseases; IV. iii. 150.
STUFF'D, crammed, full to bursting; V. iii. 44.
SUBSTANCES, forms; I. v. 50.
SUDDEN, violent; IV. iii. 59.
SUFFER, perish; III. ii. 16.
SUFFERING; "our a. country," *i.e.* our country suffering; III. vi. 48.
SUGGESTION, temptation, incitement; I. iii. 134.
SUMMER-SEEMING, "appearing like summer; seeming to be the effect of a transitory and short-lived heat of the blood" (Schmidt); (Warburton, "*summer-seeming*"; Johnson, "*fume, or seething*," &c.); IV. iii. 86.
SUNDEY, various; IV. iii. 48.
SURCEASE, cessation; I. vii. 4.
SURVEYING, noticing, perceiving; I. ii. 31.
SWAY BY, am directed by; V. iii. 9.
SWEARS, swears allegiance; IV. ii. 47.
TAINT, be infected; V. iii. 3.
TAKING-OFF, murder, death; I. vii. 20.
TERMS, teems with; IV. iii. 176.

TEMPERANCE, moderation, self-restraint; IV. iii. 92.
TENDING, tendance, attendance; I. v. 38.
TEND ON, wait on; I. v. 42.
THAT, so that; I. ii. 58.
THAT; "to th.", to that end, for that purpose; I. ii. 10.
THERewithAL, therewith; III. i. 34.
THIRST, desire to drink; III. iv. 91.
THOUGHT; "upon a th.", in as small an interval as one can think a thought; III. iv. 55.
 —, being borne in mind; III. i. 132.
THRALLS, slaves, bondmen; III. vi. 13.
THREAT, threaten; II. i. 60.
TILL THAT, till; I. ii. 54.
TIMELY, betimes, early; II. iii. 51.
 —, "to gain the t. inn," opportune; III. iii. 7.
TITLES, possessions; IV. ii. 7.
TO, in addition to; I. vi. 19.
 —, according to; III. iii. 4.
 —, compared to; III. iv. 64.
 —, for, as; IV. iii. 10.
 —, linked with, "prisoner to"; III. iv. 25.
TOP, overtop, surpass; IV. iii. 57.
TOP-FULL, full to the top, brimful; I. v. 43.
TOUCH, affection, feeling; IV. ii. 9.
TOUCH'D, injured, hurt; IV. iii. 14.
TOWERING, turning about, soaring, flying high (a term of falconry); II. iv. 12.
TRACE, follow; IV. i. 153.
TRAINS, artifices, devices; IV. iii. 118.
TRAMMEL UP, entangle as in a net; I. vii. 3.
TRANSPORT, convey; IV. iii. 181.
TRANSPOSE, change; IV. iii. 21.
TREBLE SCEPTRES, symbolical of the three kingdoms—England, Scotland, and Ireland; IV. i. 127.
TRIFLED, made trifling, made to sink into insignificance; II. iv. 4.

TUGG'D; "t. with fortune," pulled about in wrestling with fortune; III. i. 112.
TWO-FOLD BALLS, probably referring to the double coronation of James, at Scone and Westminster (Clar. Pr.); according to others the reference is to the union of the two islands; IV. i. 121.

TYRANNY, usurpation; IV. iii. 67.

TYRANT, usurper; III. vi. 22.

UNFIX, make to stand on end; I. iii. 135.

UNROUGH, beardless; V. ii. 10.

UNSPEAK, recall, withdraw; IV. iii. 123.

UNTITLED, having no title or claim; IV. iii. 104.

UNTO, to; I. iii. 121.

UPON, to; III. vi. 30.

UPROAR, "stir up to tumult" (Schmidt); (Ff. 1, 2, "*uprore*"; Keightley, "*Uproot*"); IV. iii. 99.

USE, experience; III. iv. 143.

USING, cherishing, entertaining; III. ii. 10.

UTTERANCE; "to the u.", *i.e.* *à outrance* = to the uttermost; III. i. 72.

VANTAGE, opportunity; I. ii. 31.

VERITY, truthfulness; IV. iii. 92.

VISARDS, masks; III. ii. 34.

VOUCH'D, assured, warranted; III. iv.

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WANT; "cannot w.", can help; III. vi. 8.

WARRANTED, justified; IV. iii. 137.

WASSAIL, revelry; I. vii. 64.

WATCHING, waking; V. i. 12.

WATER-RUG, a kind of poodle; III. i. 94.

WHAT, who; IV. iii. 49.

WHAT IS, *i.e.* what is the time of; III. iv. 126.

WHEN 'TIS, *i.e.* "when the matter is effected"; II. i. 25.

WHETHER (monosyllabic); I. iii. 111.

WHICH, who; V. i. 66.

WHILE THEN, till then; III. i. 44.

WHISPERS, whispers to; IV. iii. 210.

WHOLE SOME, healthy; IV. iii. 105.

WITH, against; IV. iii. 90.

—, by; III. i. 63.

—, on; IV. ii. 32.

WITHOUT, outside; III. iv. 14.

—, beyond; III. ii. 11, 12.

WITNESS, testimony, evidence; II. ii. 47.

WORM, small serpent; III. iv. 29.

WOULD, should; I. vii. 34.

WROUGHT, agitated; I. iii. 149.

YAWNING PEAL, a peal which lulls to sleep; III. ii. 43.

YESTY, foaming; IV. i. 53.

YET, in spite of all, notwithstanding; IV. iii. 69.



Notes.

I. i. 1. Perhaps we should follow the punctuation of the Folio, and place a note of interrogation after 'again'.

I. ii. 14. 'damned quarrel'; Johnson's, perhaps unnecessary, emendation of Ff., 'damned quarry' (cp. IV. iii. 206); but Holinshed uses 'quarrel' in the corresponding passage.

I. ii. 20-21. Many emendations and interpretations have been advanced for this passage; Koppel's explanation (*Shakespeare Studien*, 1896) is as follows:—"he faced the slave, who never found time for the preliminary formalities of a duel, *i.e.* shaking hands with and bidding farewell to the opponent"; seemingly, however, 'which' should have 'he' (*i.e.* Macbeth) and not 'slave' as its antecedent.

I. iii. 15. 'And the very ports they blow'; Johnson conj. 'various' for 'very'; Pope reads 'points' for 'ports'; Clar. Press edd. 'orts'; 'blow' = 'blow upon'.

I. iii. 32. 'weird'; Ff., 'weyward' (prob. = 'weird'); Keightley, 'weyard'.

I. iii. 97-98. 'As thick as hail Came post'; Rowe's emendation; Ff. read 'As thick as tale Can post'.

I. v. 24-26. The difficulty of these lines arises from the repeated words 'that which' in line 25, and some editors have consequently placed the inverted commas after 'undone'; but 'that which' is probably due to the same expression in the previous line, and we should perhaps read 'and that's which' or 'and that's what'.

I. vi. 4. 'martlet'; Rowe's emendation of Ff., 'Barlet'.

I. vi. 5. 'loved mansionry'; Theobald's emendation of Ff., 'loved mansonry'; Pope (ed. 2), 'loved masonry'.

I. vi. 6. 'jutty, frieze'; Pope, 'jutting frieze'; Staunton conj. 'jutty, nor frieze,' &c.

I. vi. 9. 'most'; Rowe's emendation of Ff., 'must'; Collier MS., 'much'.

I. vii. 6. 'shoal'; Theobald's emendation of Ff. 1, 2, 'schoole'.

I. vii. 45. 'Like the poor cat I the adage'; 'The cat would eat fyshe, and would not wet her feete,' Heywood's *Proverbs*; the low Latin form of the same proverb is:—

"Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas".

I. vii. 47. 'do more'; Rowe's emendation of Ff., 'no more'.

II. i. 51. 'sleep'; Steevens conj. 'sleeper,' but no emendation is necessary; the pause after 'sleep' is evidently equivalent to a syllable.

II. i. 55. 'Tarquin's ravishing strides'; Pope's emendation; Ff., 'Tarquins ravishing sides'.

II. i. 56. 'sure'; Pope's conj., adopted by Capell; Ff. 1, 2, 'soure'.

II. i. 57. 'which way they walk'; Rowe's emendation; Ff., 'which they may walk'.

II. ii. 35-36. There are no inverted commas in the Folios. The arrangement in the text is generally followed (similarly, II. 42-43).

III. i. 130. 'you with the perfect spy o' the time'; Johnson conj. 'you with a'; Tyrwhitt conj. 'you with the perfect spot, the time'; Beckett conj. 'you with the perfectry o' the time'; Grant White, from Collier MS., 'you, with a perfect spy, o' the time'; Schmidt interprets 'spy' to mean "an advanced guard; that time which

will precede the time of the deed, and indicate that it is at hand"; according to others 'spy'=the person who gives the information; the simplest explanation is, perhaps, 'the exact spying out of the time,' i.e. 'the moment on 't,' which in the text follows in apposition.

III. ii. 20. '*our peace*'; so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, '*our place*'.

III. iv. 14. '*'Tis better thee without than he within*'; probably '*he*' instead of '*him*' for the sake of effective antithesis with '*thee*'; unless, as is possible, '*he within*'='he in this room'.

III. iv. 78. '*time has*'; F. 1, '*times has*'; Ff. 2, 3, 4, '*times have*'; the reading of the First Folio is probably what Shakespeare intended.

III. iv. 105-106. '*If trembling I inhabit then*'; various emendations have been proposed, e.g. '*I inhibit*'='*me inhibit*', '*I inhibit thee*', '*I inherit*', &c.; probably the text is correct, and the words mean 'If I then put on the habit of trembling,' i.e. 'if I invest myself in trembling' (cp. Koppel, p. 76).

III. iv. 122. The Folios read:—

*"It will have blood they say;
Blood will have blood".*

III. iv. 144. '*in deed*'; Theobald's emendation of Ff., '*indeed*'; Hanmer, '*in deeds*'.

III. v. 13. '*Loves*'; Halliwell conj. '*Lives*'; Staunton conj. '*Loves evil*'.

III. vi. 27. '*the most pious Edward*,' i.e. Edward the Confessor.

IV. i. 97. '*Rebellion's head*'; Theobald's conj., adopted by Hanmer; Ff. read '*Rebellious dead*'; Warburton's conj., adopted by Theobald, '*Rebellious head*'.

IV. ii. 18. '*when we are traitors And do not know ourselves*,' i.e. when we are accounted traitors, and do not know that we are,